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SUGAR BOWL

The Student's Rendezvous North and Melville Streets

Season's Greetings

THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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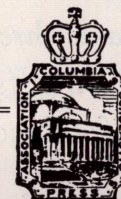
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK	5
LITERATURE	
A CHRISTMAS UTOPIA	6
CONFIDENCE REGAINED	7
THE DAY AFTER	9
JOYOUS NOEL	10
MERRY CHRISTMAS	11
YOU NEVER CAN TELL	12
CECIL LEESON—SAXOPHONE VIRTUOSO	13
WHO'S WHO	14
SCHOOL NOTES	17
ATHLETICS	21



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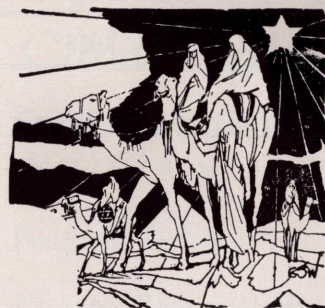
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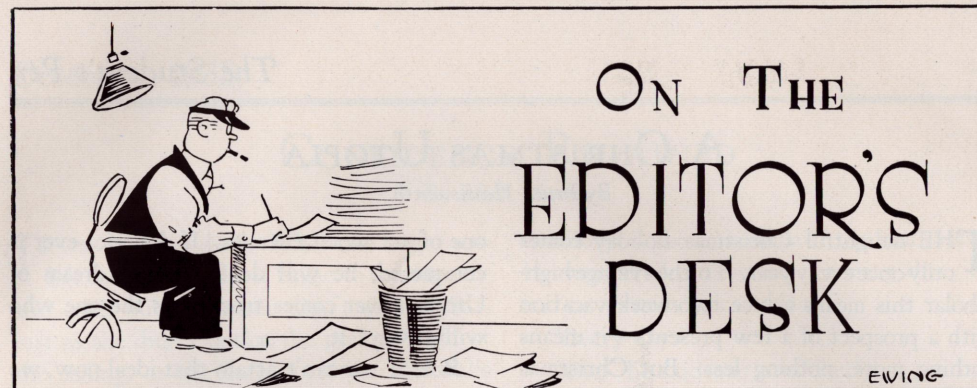
THE OLD, OLD STORY

By Margaret Fake

*Long, long ago, to Bethlehem
To see a Babe, came three wise men;
To Him they offered gifts of gold
And myrrh and frankincense, we're told.*

*And shepherds left their flocks by night
To come and view the wondrous sight,
They heard the angels carolling
Of Christ, the newborn Heavenly King.*

*Wise men and shepherds travelled far,
Led by angels and a star;
For in a manger, born that night,
Was Jesus Christ, the Son of Light.*



MERRY CHRISTMAS

By Robert C. Moore

HOW well the melodious ding dong of these Christmas bells at England Brothers bring the Christmas spirit to us! Have you noticed the people who stop to listen, look at each other? Friend at friend and stranger at stranger they look with an unspoken friendliness which seems to charge the atmosphere with Christmas—to bring the spirit back after all these months.

The carols, the friendly visits, the tender turkey, the presents, the Christmas tree, all will be with us. Then it is that the family loves more than at any other time to be together. Everyone is jolly; it is the time for unrivaled joy.

Although Christmas is the celebration of the birth of one who had cares and troubles ever with Him, we like to forget all care at this time. After the Christmas baskets have gone out, we like to draw ourselves into our shell of happiness and—forget.

We have long considered this natural, for man is more human than divine. Still we would be doing no more than our duty, and a good duty at that, if we gave our fellow men more than surface attention. There would be less to complain about in our own portions, if we realized what a pitiful little the other man has. In fact, ours might look a lot bigger and a lot nicer.

It is true that Christmas is a good old, jolly old time to enjoy yourself and it is natural that we should. But there is the fact that Christmas has its gloomier sides. We may not all see them or admit them or come intimately in contact with them, but many

people do. The Christmas basket may be fine, but if we follow it up with a little thought it might also be fine.

As we sit down to our dinner this Christmas, there will be many people to whom December 25, 1938 will not seem like Christmas. Germany, whose Christmas tradition is greater than any other land's, seems now to be peopled with those who can not feel the meaning of Christmas any more. What can it mean to these oppressed peoples whose fate is as unsettled as the winds? Or,

What can be the feelings of those twenty-two parents in the far-West whose children were killed in the train wreck early this month when Christmas dawns over their homes? Is it Christmas to them with all that they loved taken away? Or,

What must be the feelings of those out of work or on relief, whose chance to provide a Merry Christmas for their families is nil? How unlike the Christmas season is this to them. Or,

What must the people of those lands at war (and France which is threatened with war and beset with internal strife) feel at this period of peace? With what joy will they receive the carols of peace and good tidings or with what relish will they sit down to their Christmas meal, their lives and hopes so uncertain?

There it is, the good and the bad. In seeking the good, do not forget the bad. The good will seem much fuller when you realize that you have done your part for the other fellow. Try it.

A CHRISTMAS UTOPIA

By Bruce Hainsworth

THE delightful Christmas holiday comes only once every year. To the average high-scholar this means a nice two-week vacation with a prospect of a few presents—it means nothing more, nothing less. But Christmas stands for something else, intangible, but real—the Christmas spirit.

When Christ was on earth, He taught us, by example, to live this Christmas spirit of "peace, goodwill to men." The world today, however, seems ill-disposed to accept these teachings. The doctrine of "peace, goodwill to men" does not flourish when men are separated by concrete fortifications and the largest armies the world has ever seen, as in Europe today.

But this is America—we have no valid excuse here. If everyone in this country of ours lived the Christmas spirit, how different our life would be! There'd be no grasping politicians, no greedy corporations, no class of the "idle rich"—in fact, selfishness would be unknown. America, as such, would perish, and in its place would arise that long-sought, much promised, never created state, Utopia. There have been many other schemes for attaining this end, but there's always a "catch" somewhere. This is no exception.

We Americans claim that our national motto is "E pluribus unum" (One from many) but I am inclined to believe that "Georgius id agat" (Let George do it) would be much more fitting. In the first place, "E pluribus unum" is not, strictly speaking, true. If you don't believe me, just listen to the New Dealers blasting the Conservatives, and the Conservatives blasting the New Dealers just before any election. You will find, I am sure, that this nation is not united, in political peace at any rate. Secondly, ninety-nine percent of Americans live the "Let George do it" doctrine. Although this "George" may materialize and do our work, nevertheless, he's

one of our worst enemies. If America ever is conquered, he will do it; if my dream of Utopia never comes true, he is the one who will thwart it.

But, if we can't attain that ideal now, we can at least try to approach it. How? Since the best way (having everyone try) is out of the question, the best we can do is to strive to bring out this ideal in our school, at least near the Christmas season. I don't mean that we should disband the football team because their hard, hard helmets are apt to hurt the other fellow; I don't mean that we should give up driving because some fool pedestrian is likely to get hurt. No, nothing drastic. Just give the other fellow a square deal mixed with a little common courtesy and you'll be living the Christmas Spirit. You probably won't get any medal for "distinguished service to humanity," and you may not even get the slightest recognition, but you'll get ample reward in the form of a warm glow inside that no winter can ever cool.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Mary Farrell

Each window is bright
With soft candle light,
And houses in rows
Wear wreaths with red bows.

Sweet voices we hear
As carolers draw near.
All fields are aglow
In the glistening snow.

A beckoning star
Shines down from afar.
And says to all men,
" 'Tis Christmas again."

CONFIDENCE REGAINED

By Edith Moore

IT was growing dusk. When the bright sun left the huge studio it began to seem lonely and cold, but Margaret didn't notice that, just as she didn't notice the peeling paint of the ceiling, or the bare boards of the walls where the plaster had fallen away. Neither did she notice the broken panes in the great windows that comprised almost a whole wall of the room, or its pitifully small amount of old furniture.

This was Margaret's temple. She never failed to come here some time during the day when its occupant was absent, to worship.

She loved the smell of the paints, the gay splatterings on the floor, the various, multi-colored cloths that lay about the place where a busy artist had flung them after wiping off his flying brushes. Yes, she loved the colorful disorder of the studio, but most of all she loved the paintings which stood on the floor against the battered walls, or in neglected stacks on the floor, and the beautiful pictures which were still on easels—some were still being done, others had simply been left unfinished. These, she knew, would never be completed. There were tawny-hued landscapes, street-scenes, portraits ranging from a glorious Madonna to a most hopeless, dirty, old man.

As she was admiring the Madonna, a shadow fell across the easel.

"Oh!" she gasped as she looked up into the face of a puzzled young man. Though she knew this place well, she had never before encountered its owner.

"Oh!" she cried again, and made for the door.

"Don't leave," the young man implored as he stepped into the room. The girl hesitated near the door, and turned to face him again.

"Who are you?" he questioned.

"I live across the hall," she replied. "I suppose I shouldn't have come in here—"

"Do you come in often?" the man asked. He wondered if he were dreaming this. He had never seen hair so black.

"Every day."

"Oh," he said matter-of-factly.

"You see, I happened to be passing by a few weeks ago, and the door was open. I saw the easels and smelled the paint; there was no one here, so I didn't think any one would mind if I came in and looked at the paintings. After that I came every day. It's silly—I—"

"You like it here?"

"Terribly."

"In Paris, I mean—you're obviously American."

"I came here to write," she explained. "Paris is very beautiful, but—"

"It's lonely," he said softly.

The girl's eyes filled with tears, in spite of herself.

"I was disappointed. I thought that every one would be friendly, and gay—"

"You read novels, too."

"Too?" she queried. Looking up she saw an expression pass over his face that she hoped she'd never see on anyone's face again.

"I love this," she smiled, motioning toward the Madonna. "But why haven't you ever finished this?" she asked, walking over to an easel which supported a street-scene. "That's Paris," she breathed.

"In all its brilliant beauty—and coldness," he added bitterly.

A chill went through her. What could have made this strange young man so bitter?

"I must go," she whispered.

She turned and walked to the door.

"I say!" he called after her.

She turned.

"You may come over any time that you wish. You will—won't you?"

"Yes," she said, and she was gone.

The next day when Margaret got the courage to venture into the studio, she found the street-scene easel in the center of the room. He had been working on it, and the change was startling. The coldness seemed to be leaving it. It was now Paris at its best time of the year, and at sunset. A glowing Paris sunset as seen from a dirty side-street with its many markets, and grimy, forlorn citizens. Once seen, it was never to be forgotten.

In one corner of the picture was placed a card which read thus: Dear What's-Your-Name, How do you like "Paris" now? Charles Keith.

* * * *

In the next few weeks Margaret found that Keith was an American who had studied painting ever since he could remember. Alone in the world, friendless, and unable to arouse the interest of the critics he had slowly lost his courage and changed from a spirited, ambitious boy into a disillusioned and bitter man, who worked less and less on his paintings.

"There was a time when I sold something small every so often, but I hadn't been working for months before you came along," Charles told her. "Now, Margaret, I'm beginning to show signs of becoming an artist," he laughed.

The girl smiled as she looked at the dark grizzly head bent over his easel.

"Oh! it's beautiful," she cried as he stepped aside to let her see it. The Paris street scene seemed a completely different picture now from the one she had first admired.

"I've been working like a confounded dog," he grinned boyishly. "I'm going to enter it in the public exhibition next week. It's finished, Peg."

He grasped her hand and looked deep into her blue eyes. "If I do get something from this—if I do become noticed—it's all because of you. I want you to know that—"

Margaret tried to silence him.

"No, really," he continued seriously, "I

never would have started working again if you hadn't come along to return my confidence and ambition. Oh! Peg, if I make good—"

"You will," she said firmly, meeting his dark, eager eyes.

A week later Margaret went into the studio to find Charles sitting before his easel with his face in his hands. Her heart ached for him, but she could do nothing. She had done her best to help him—this was his fight. She hoped that he would meet it bravely.

He lifted his troubled face toward her.

"We lost, Peg," he said calmly. "We lost the fight."

She walked closer to him. In her hand was a telegram, but she didn't want him to have it yet.

Charles stood up and put his arms around her.

"I've thought it all out, dear," he whispered. "It's no good—so I'm chucking it—"

Her heart fell.

"I'll start painting it over tomorrow, and this time I know I'll get it right."

Margaret's heart leaped with joy. The fight was won! It was won! He couldn't fail now. He had regained his confidence, his ambition. And he'd never have to paint that picture over—she had read the telegram.

KING WINTER

By Loraine Dakin

The trees have lost their summer gowns,
For now King Winter storms and frowns
Upon a world of silence deep.

The leaves of yellow, red, and brown,
Long since have gone like dancing clowns
Before King Winter's icy blast.

King Winter—with his robes of white,
King Winter—with his frigid night,
Now, 'tis he who reigns again.

THE DAY AFTER

By Marion Willis

"I'M building up to an awful let-down" might be a theme song for the day after Christmas. Of all forlorn, desolate days, the twenty-sixth of December is the worst. For a whole month or more you've been imbued with the Christmas spirit. The early part of December was spent shopping around for this and that, which involved a great deal of expense and loss of temper, but all in all, not counting sore feet and aching arms, it was fun.

There's the week before Christmas, when all your shopping is supposed to be done (but is it?), and you can sit back and enjoy yourself. In that week, packages from out of town arrive—mysterious, odd-looking packages that must wait until December twenty-fifth. New bulbs for the lights on the trees are bought, as well as new ball decorations of every sort. Poinsettias and wreaths for windows and doors find their way down from the attic, and large suspicious-looking packages are sneaked into the house by every member of the family, down to the smallest.

At the very last minute, it seems, the Christmas tree is bought and set up. The decorating parties, which used to be such fun decades ago, are a thing unheard of and most young people go to a dance instead. The decorated tree, a custom handed down for centuries, lends a real Christmas air to the home.

On the night before Christmas, when it's cold, and snow is on the ground, you feel very solemn and Christmassy. At the Community Sing you create a general disturbance, for when young people congregate, there's nothing solemn about them. Somehow, though, the sweet glorious tune of "Silent Night" creeps into your soul, and you go home feeling a little reverent.

As you look back on it, Christmas Eve is the best part of Christmas. It's then that you feel it really is Christmas, for then all the

sentiment of Christmases gone by seems to be a little closer than ever before. Maybe it's the soft twilight, maybe it's the snow, maybe it's the vari-colored lights on the tree, maybe it's the songs of the first Christmas, but whatever it is, you're all for it on Christmas Eve.

The big day itself is a bright cold day, when the things you thrilled to the night before seem unreal to you. Presents are wonderful, no doubt, and they make the day what it is.

But then the day after! The lovely presents are worn out by just looking at them, the weather's unsuitable for what you want to do, and there's nothing whatsoever to amuse you. There's no ice to skate on; snow not packed right for skiing; there aren't any good shows, so what'll poor little you do? An excellent way to abolish this feeling would be to do away with December 26th altogether. What do you think?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Mary Farrell

To the stores the crowds are flocking
Ready for their Christmas shopping.
Gifts for young and old they'll find
Large and small and every kind.

Drums and pipes for the Christmas stocking.
Little toy dogs and horses rocking.
For sister, dolls with pretty frocks,
With eyes that move, and golden locks.

Scarfs and gloves and pretty dishes
Just to suit a Mother's wishes.
Ties and shirts and latest books
Are sure to win Dad's cheeriest looks.

For gentle Grandma's dainty taste
Sheerest hankies trimmed with lace.
And for Grandpa tried and true
Comfy robes and slippers blue.

JOYOUS NOEL

By Albert Wing

HURRAH! With shouts of laughter, boys and girls everywhere gleefully greet the arrival of Christmas morning, eager to see what Santa has brought them. Their happy, expectant faces are heartwarming, and their excited chattering produces a lively, brisk atmosphere that makes one glad to be alive. The radiating joy of the children transforms a cold, bleak day to one of cheer; ordinary conversation to congenial, wholesome discussions; and the usually sober, careworn faces of those who daily strive for a living in this merciless, hard world of ours to ones wreathed with smiles.

What would Christmas be without the traditional giving of presents? Yet that is not the real purpose of Christmas, although it is one means of conveying some idea of the spirit of the occasion. Christmas has a much deeper, more significant meaning. It is a way of expressing the loftier qualities of the human soul; it is a lull in our bustling life; it

compels one to stop to consider the idiosyncrasies of man and, at the same time, to wonder at his profound ignorance of some things and his awe-inspiring knowledge of other matters. Once a year Christmas, by unearthing the inherent generosity and kindness of people, serves to renew our confidence in those about us. Christmas is the one observance which is recognized by the greater part of the world as an important factor in the promotion and preservation of peace.

A prevailing element of peace is found in practically every home at Christmas time. The old folks like to sit quietly by the fire-side and reminisce while they watch the younger generation amuse the children. Old and young alike rest;—free, for the time being, from the cares and tribulations which ordinarily beset everyday life. Discord can find no place in the hearts of the people.

Christmas, after all, is but the celebration of the birth of the greatest Peacemaker known.

WINTER NIGHT

By Audrey May

One winter's night, not long ago,
I saw a wondrous sight;
The naked trees stood motionless—
Against the starry night.

The moon sent down her softest rays
To bless the sleeping earth,
And tiny, twinkling silver stars
Peeped from her sweeping skirts.

The whole earth was a shining mass
Of gorgeous, glitt'ring gems,
The wind, a humble knight, bent down
To kiss her sparkling hem.

But wait! a tiny fairy elf
Was skipping to and fro;—
From shade to shade he made his way,—
So mortals would not know.

He came up to the window pane,
And there his work began—
Of dainty, lacy tracery
Ne'er wrought by human hand.

He fashioned scenes of fairy land;—
Such beauteous sights were they—
That one who chanced to look at them
Would find he wished to stay.

At last, the elf his work had done,
And then he faintly sighed,
"Indeed I have done well this night;
My heart is filled with pride.

Now when the sun comes o'er the hill,
And brings his beams so bold,—
'Twill make the earth more beautiful
And edge my scenes with gold."

MERRY CHRISTMAS

By Fred Cande

THE plane was ready to take off and the field lights were blazing. The passengers, all going home for Christmas, were ready. There were Mrs. Sims and her two children going to New York; a young cadet and his mother; two girls going home from college, and Mr. Charles rushing to the big city to be at the side of his family on Christmas. All were intent on one thing—to make this a Merry Christmas, that is, all except one whom I have neglected to mention—Gil Warren, racketeer and gangster. Two days before, Gil had killed a man and was now only two jumps ahead of the law. In fact, just as the plane took off, he heard the faint sound of sirens approaching the field, only to have them drowned out by the roar of the motors as the beautiful mistress of the sky took off. He remained silent in the corner of the plane, not joining in the gaiety of the others. Bitter and disillusioned he sat and thought. Only three years ago he had had ambitions like the young cadet, but he had been framed by a man he had considered his friend. Disgraced and disowned by his family, he turned bad. The man who had framed him was the man he had so recently killed. To Gil it seemed just, but the law forbids murder and he had broken the law. Bitterly he pondered on his predicament as the motors droned out the miles.

Forward in the pilot's compartment, the pilot gazed at a turbulent glass which gave promise of bad weather ahead. Soon the sky became overcast; the wind grew stronger and colder. Snow and sleet poured forth from the sky in vengeful fury, covering the plane with ice and sleet. The ice removers proved unequal to the task; the wings became caked

with ice which weighed the plane down. The pilot fought to keep the plane in control, but the elements were not to be denied. The plane crashed and silence reigned.

Soon the news spread over the country that the plane with Gil Warren aboard was lost. Foul play was feared, and a handsome reward was offered the person who should locate the plane. A feverish search was on.

Meanwhile at the wreckage of the plane, Gil Warren, a grim, disheveled apparition, crawled out of the debris. The other passengers sitting up front, had been more seriously injured by the crash. Mrs. Sims and her children were suffering from shock. The cadet had a broken leg, and the rest had injuries of various kinds. The hostess, who had been in the rear, was the only one uninjured. Running to Gil, she screamed at him to go at once for aid.

In spite of the price on his head, he set off through the blinding snow and sleet. Two hours later a frozen figure staggered into the highway, fell, picked himself up, and staggered on again. One hour later a telegraph operator was attracted by the sound of something crashing against the door. He opened it and Gil fell in.

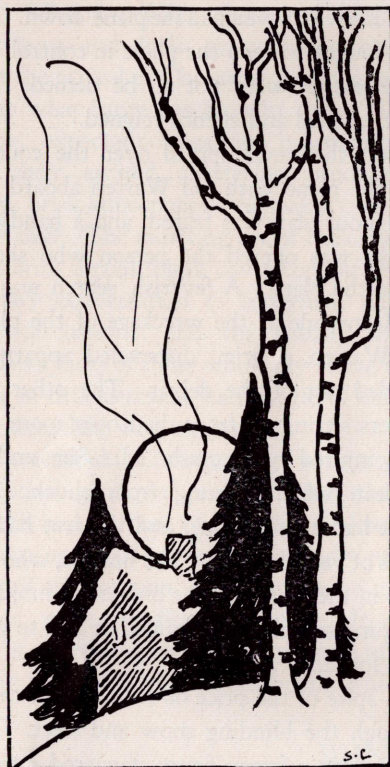
"What's this!" exclaimed the operator.

"The plane that crashed—it's in the mountains five miles north," Gil whispered. "Wish them a Merry Christmas from Gil Warren," he gasped. Then with a smile playing on his lips as of old, he died.

A few days later a solemn group of people, the passengers of the plane, gathered in front of a simple grave and wished a Merry Christmas and forgiveness to the man who had given them "A Merry Christmas," indeed.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Mary Lynch



RED-HAIRED Nicky, sitting forlornly at the breakfast table, tried to look cheerful. After all, this was the day before Christmas and one might at least try to look happy. But this was impossible with all of Nicky's troubles.

It had started when Anne had said she would not attend the high school Christmas Prom with him because she was going to her aunt's for the holidays.

However, to top it all off, this morning Mom had read a telegram from an old friend, saying that she was accepting a long standing invitation for her sixteen-year-old daughter Carole, to spend the holiday with them, since she and her husband were to be on a business trip.

Though Nicky had never seen Carole, he had heard that she was a studious, book-reading girl who always did the correct thing. As a matter of fact, she would probably wear horn-rims and look like a mouse.

Imagine Mother wanting him to escort her to the dance. Why, it was preposterous, an infant like that! He'd never live it down. Somehow the fellows always remember things like that for a long time. But Mother's word was law.

During the day, in an attempt to catch cold, Nicky went out without his hat, walked sans rubbers through all the puddles he could find, and finally braved the winds for five minutes without his coat, but in spite of this, he felt grand that night.

Carole had arrived during Nicky's absence and was resting upstairs. Mother had just warned him to be ready at eight sharp, and said Carole would be waiting downstairs.

Up in his room Nicky pondered on a way to become ill. Things seemed hopeless. Then, seeing a tube of red paint on his table, he hit upon the idea of measles. He painted his face and arms with occasional dots and lay down to wait. At half past seven, his mother came up to see how he was getting on. Seeing him, she gasped and made a dash for the stairs. Nicky knew she would call the doctor at once. No use—Now he would be found out. He called his mother and prepared to confess.

At exactly eight strokes of the clock, beautifully washed and combed and without a trace of measles, Nicky was descending the stairs. Looking down, he saw Carole, a dream of a girl with hair of gold. She was in a blue dress that made her look angelic. So astonished was he that his foot caught and he rolled down the stairs right to the fair lady's feet. Laughingly he rose and took her arm, murmuring, "you can't believe all you hear, can you!"

CECIL LEESON - - SAXOPHONE VIRTUOSO

By A. Herbert Boyajian

THE fact that the Reserve Officers' Training Corps of the University of Arizona had to drill in the sweltering sun, while the band played in the cool shade, gave America its saxophone virtuoso and P. H. S. a most enjoyable concert.

Cecil Leeson's mother had wanted him to play the piano, but he preferred to play hockey. However, when as an engineering student and member of R. O. T. C., he observed how cool and comfortable the musicians were while he was being tortured under the scorching sun, he began to appreciate music and applied to be a musician. The band master suggested the saxophone and promised to teach him; but later, when Leeson returned with a shining new saxophone, the band master had left to become a minister. Mr. Leeson played around on his saxophone for a while and soon developed a genuine interest and considerable skill in it. Finally, he persuaded his father to allow him to give up engineering and study music in earnest. Thus, the taste for music which he had inherited from his mother found free expression and opportunity for development.

"IT'S THE PLAYER, NOT THE INSTRUMENT"

When Mr. Leeson stepped before the footlights at P. H. S. with his saxophone, it was a challenge to our imaginations. What kind of music would he play? Were we going to hear a one-man "jam session", or were we to be plunged into the depths of a Beethoven Concerto? He didn't look like the temperamental artist; he appeared more like a handsome and sociable clubman. The tense moment came, the first few notes floated through the air and electrified the audience. Such clear, rich tone, such sweet music had never before come out of a saxophone to ears used to the "jiving" of hot tenor sax men in jazz bands. Was this saxophone of silver, when all others were of brass? It soon became clear

that "it's the player, not the instrument." The audience was treated to one difficult masterpiece after another. The feature of the program was undoubtedly the "Flight of the Bumble Bee." It was played with such realistic expression and technical perfection that even a bumble bee might have thought it performed by a brother.

IN THE "MUSIC ROOM"

After the concert, the music department was treated by Mr. Leeson to an instructive, informal discussion of the saxophone. With many entertaining stories and analogies, he explained the mechanical details of the instrument and also its place in the general musical scheme. The saxophone, he said, is a relatively recent instrument, being only about fifty years old. Because of this fact, there has been very little original music written for it, and Mr. Leeson has had to supply this deficiency by making many transcriptions himself and by getting several contemporary composers to write music especially for him.

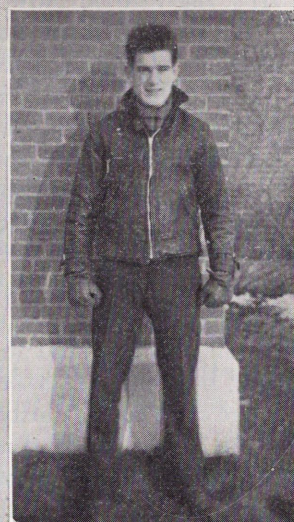
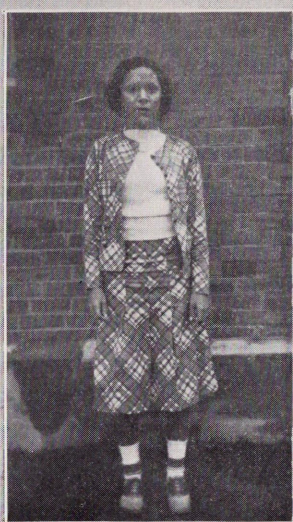
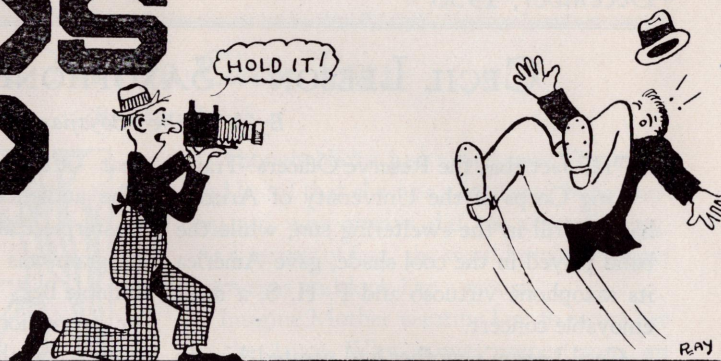
Through the efforts of men like Mr. Leeson, public misconception of the saxophone as a mere jazz instrument is being overcome, and its possibilities in orchestral work gradually recognized. Last season, Mr. Leeson was guest soloist with the Rochester Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Jose Iturbi.

In the music room, we had also the added treat of hearing Mr. Wagner, Mr. Leeson's worthy accompanist, play an "Etude" by Chopin. Mr. Wagner is also a composer, and is now on his way to the Middle West where he will be guest soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

On Dec. 2nd, we entered the auditorium just to hear a saxophone; we came out having discovered a virtuoso, a great story teller, and a great fellow.

WHO'S WHO



December, 1938

15

And Why

Photography by Friend Kierstead

LEADIN' LADY

Do-mi-sol-do! Yes, you've guessed it—its Cecile "Bunny" Bissaillon, leading lady of the operetta, "Pinafore." Tho' she's not temperamental (at least not much), she cannot stand peanuts, shucked or otherwise—so beware peanut munchers! Don't sit in the first row on opening night! In between scales (musical ones) Bunny confides that she simply adores baritones and good murder stories—any connection? So now students if you hear "mi-mi-mi-sol" trilled into your ears, don't be frightened, it'll probably be Bunny—and she's harmless.

TALL, DARK, 'N ARTISTIC

Ladeez—and Gentlemen—I wish to present to you the Art Editor of the PEN, John Ewing. With brown curly hair and grey eyes, he's a masterpiece in himself. John drew the picture of Mr. Ford which is hanging in the library, the cover of the Thanksgiving Football Program, and has had some of his cartoons accepted for various magazines. Monsieur L'Artiste confesses that his pet hate is a sophisticated girl. John's ambition is to be realized, when he becomes a commercial sign painter with E. J. Curtis, the beginning of next year. He will be a co-partner in the "Sign O'Life" studio.

MADAME PRESIDENT

"Think nuthin' of it"—this was probably your first introduction to Edith Leipe, president of the Tri-Hi. Whether tripped by a pal (?) or stung by a bee, all Edie ever says is—"Think nuthin' of it." Liking all sports, Edie has three letters to her credit. In her sophomore year Edie made a name for herself by being a cheerleader, while in her junior year she captained the hockey team (it lost). Edie is also an ardent jitterbug, so truck on down to 202 everybody and get acquainted.

LEWIS GOMES

Louis is busy these days with the Senior A Year book, of which he is the Business Manager. This industrious young man is also the Chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee, and has been working for the past year as the laboratory assistant-in-chief. He has socialistic ideas, we are told, and he will eat anything that is edible. His favorite antipathy is Miss Kalihz's "matching tests." You see Lewis often at the showing of moving pictures at school, where he is usually in charge.

ETHEL CHAMBERS

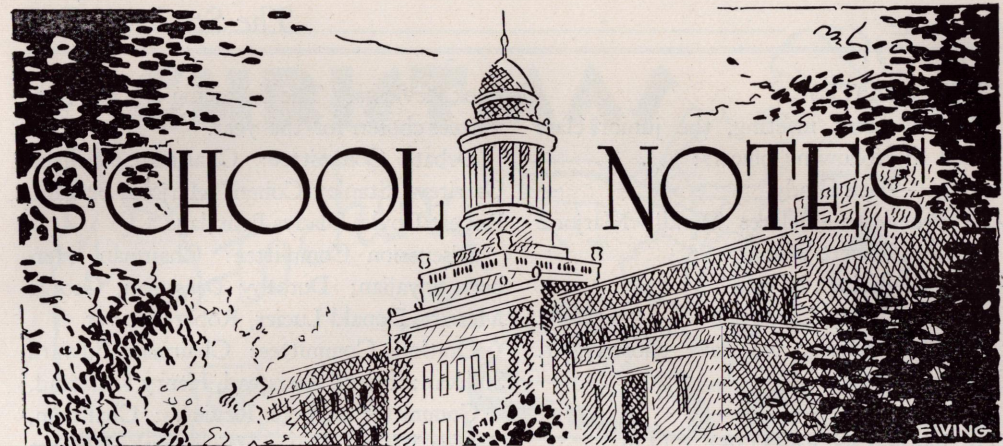
Ethel is the apt young miss whom the Senior A Class has just put in charge of selecting the words for their class song. This youthful poetess, whose ability has just been discovered by her classmates, spends much time writing and reading. She like olives, pickles, and anything sour. "Look out for her temper," laughingly warn her friends who call her Mickey.

GRID STAR

"Signals—24-32-7-16—" Step right up and meet John Grady, president of the Junior Class. An outdoor man, he takes to fishing and skating as a fish does to water. Liking all sports, he made both football and baseball squads when a Soph and this year starred in all of our football games. He admits he likes to eat (who doesn't?) and will eat anything that'll agree with him. He's another who dislikes "sophisticates", and even more than that, hates to get up early in the morning and dreads getting to bed at night! As he streaks by for a touchdown, we find that his ambition is to get a job on the WPA when he gets out of college. Some ambition!



THE SENIOR PLAY CAST



'SEVENTEEN'

Tonight at 8.15 in the auditorium, one of the greatest and most outstanding events in the history of Pittsfield High School will be presented—the Senior A play, "Seventeen."

This will be the last senior play for a year and a half—perhaps longer—and is an event not to be missed. In consideration of the large group of undergraduates, who will not want to miss this event, the Senior Board of Estimate has evolved the following statistics for the boy friend who wishes to accompany a young lady to the show. For reserved seats: \$1.50 or \$1.20, a couple; for unreserved seats: 70 cents, a couple. Single seats are 75, 35, and 60 cents respectively.

"Seventeen," a play version of Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name, is the story of an over-sophisticated young man of seventeen who gets tangled in romance and learns his lesson in the end. The play is comedy and under the direction of Miss Mary Kelly of the English department, the full humor of the situations and characters will be brought out.

George Milne and Rosemary Kinney are in the leading roles.

The cast follows:

Mrs. Baxter	Norma Stoessel
Mr. Baxter	William Kent
Willie Baxter	George Milne
Johnnie Walson	Louis Winnard
Jane Baxter	Marion Murphy

Mary Parches

Lola Pratt

Genesis

Joe Bullitt

Mr. Parcher

George Cooper

Ethel Boke

Wallie Banks

Mary Brooks

Guests: Edna Magill, Nanette Goetze,
Joseph Miszczak, Neil Connelly

Zita Porro

Rosemary Kinney

John Mangum

Charles Knox

Bernard Carmel

Murray Levine

Charlotte McKelvie

George Scott

Helen Hurley

NEW OFFICERS

The Dramatic Club finally got under way by electing its officers and deciding on plans for the coming year. The club will meet weekly on Tuesdays. Three short plays were given to the members at the first meeting, which will be the basis for discussion at their later meetings. Mr. James A. Conroy of the Science Department is again adviser of this club. Its officers are:

President—John Mangum

Vice President—Margaret Tierney

Secretary—Esther Mirmow

Treasurer—Mary Everest

OPERETTA LEADS

The leads have been chosen for the operetta, "Pinafore," to be given by the Senior B class: Cecile Bissailon, Gordon Almstead, Macie Williams, Florence Zandrino, Bruce Miller, Donald D. Lucier, Walter Woodstock, William Kent, and John Corkrill.

JUNIOR NOTES

At its recent meeting, the junior class elected the following officers:

President—Jack Grady

Vice Presidents—Delores Dondi, Marjorie Horton, Robert Wood

Secretary—Barbara Myers

Treasurer—Mary Carnevale

As class advisor we have chosen Mr. Conroy.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club held its fifth meeting of the year November 4th. At this meeting it was decided that the club would see as its next picture "The Citadel." A book report on "The Citadel" was given by Helen Hurley.

The picture was seen on November 10th, and the following week the club met to discuss it. Topics were discussed by the following people:

The Plot of the Picture Elizabeth Kimball
Authenticity of the Picture Marie Kenney
Social Value of the Picture Eunice Potter
Character of Denny by Robert Richardson

Eleanore Levy
Character of Christine by Rosalind Russell

Anita Lesonier
Character of Andrew by Robert Donat

Carolyn Vergati

DEBATING CLUB

On November 10th, the sixth meeting of the club was held. The members took part in a discussion on—"Can the United States Stay Out of War?" Robert Shaver led the affirmative side and Dorothy Dressman, the negative.

The Club now has a definite program to follow. On the first Thursdays of every month, alternately will be, a Question Bee and an Outside Speaker; every second Thursday shall be devoted to a debate; every third Thursday to discussions, and every fourth Thursday, alternately will be, Orations and

Book Reviews. The following are the committees chosen for the year.

Debate Committee: Chairman, William Garritey; Stanley Cohen, Marjorie Bergain, Robert Doyle, Gladys Brundage.

Discussion Committee: Chairman, Herbert Boyajian; Dorothy Dressman, George Merritt, Donald Lucier, Robert Shaver.

Orations Committee: Chairman, Edward Sullivan; Friend Kierstead, Henry Kierstead.

Committee on Book Reviews: Chairman, George Walsh; Bruce Hainsworth, William Bartley.

In charge of Outside Speakers will be Loraine Dakin.

Archie Allan of the Y. M. C. A. is to be the Speaker in January.

On November 17th, the seventh meeting of the Club was held. George Ferris acted as chairman of the debate on—Resolved: that colleges be permitted to offer athletic scholarships. Herbert Boyajian and John Stanton upheld the affirmative side of the question (Mr. Boyajian also took the rebuttal), while the negative side was composed of Gladys Brundage and Arthur Teot, with Edward Sullivan acting as rebuttalist. The judges, Stanley Cohen, William Bartley, and Charles McCarthy decided in favor of the affirmative team. George Walsh acted as critic.

On December 1st, a Question Bee was held and many surprising answers were given. For instance, Uncle Jim (Edward Sullivan) asked the Question—"Who ate the poisoned apple?"

George Ferris (after thinking (?) for a few minutes)—"Eve."

Bruce Hainsworth won with 100% in the finals. The other members in the finals were: George Walsh, Friend Kierstead, William Garritey and George Ferris. Other contestants were—Gladys Brundage, Winifred Aitcheson, Arthur Teot, Elton Bartley, Charles McCarthy (no relation to Bergen), Bernard Feldman, Bernard Williams, Richard Medicke and William St. John.



FACULTY CHRISTMAS STOCKING
For Mr. Strout—a new piano.
For Miss Parker—an automatic locker lock locker.
For Mr. Innis—anything which will explain those crazy French idioms.
For Miss Nagle—a New Zealand correspondent.
For Mr. McKenna—a school full of boys.
For Miss Millet—a package of gum.
For Mr. Hennessy—a juicy frog tied with red ribbon.
For Miss Rhoades—a new car to replace the one she has been wanting for two years.
For Mr. Conroy—transfers for all unruly pupils.
For Miss Jordan—a super-thermostat for her room.
For Mr. Leahy—the word "blizzards" to add to his famous list "fire, famine, flood, and highwater."
For Miss Kaliher—some fish food for her 5th period class.
For Mr. Herrick—a dustless chalk tray so that he won't have to send his clothes to cleaners so often.

For Mr. Gorman—a flat note and a bit of discord.
For Miss Enright—a year's supply of "O Henrys".
For Mr. Murphy—an Italian dictionary.
For Miss Prediger—an edition of Muzzey which will present history the way she wants it to be presented.
For Mr. Reynolds—a pair of snowshoes so that he can still play golf.
For Miss Viger—Muzzles for her 4th period class.
For Mr. Geary—a controlling interest in the Pittsfield Chip Shop.
For Miss Morris—a draft-proof room.
For Mr. Carmody—a carload of peanuts.
For Miss Casey—Santa Claus (in person).
For Miss Conlin—a roofless room and some sunburn lotion (or cough syrup?)
For Miss Hodges—a new Girl Scout Musical.
For Miss Madden—an assistant bouncer.
For Mr. Herberg—a new kind of dot (rectangular) for his dot system.
For Mr. Goodwin—a little variety in the excuses received.
For Mr. Moran—a pair of ear muffs.



HERE AND THERE

Since a great many Math classes have been changed, a main topic of conversation is "Did you get in with the smart ones?" How well for the ones who can answer, "Yes," but pity the poor person who says, "No."

Many are wondering why we don't get out of classes to hear the radio broadcasts by P. H. S. (which, incidentally, are very good). Why not declare a brief respite, Mr. S.?

With the success of choosing a Sweetheart of DeMolay at the Chevalier Dance, maybe there ought to be another dance at which we choose a Sweetheart of Rainbow. What about it, girls?

We have some smart students in 320. On the board was this bit of nonsense (revised somewhat to suit English teaching) "30 days hath September, April, June and November. All the rest have 31 except my uncle and he has 90."

A breeding place for jokesters seems to be Spanish class. Looking through old PENS, I find many jokes out of the mouths of Spanish students, and this year it is no different. If you want to be funny, take Spanish. It's hilarious!

Everybody's happy about the outcome of the Thanksgiving game. I don't know which is the lesser of the two evils, getting there early to get a good seat just to freeze to death, or not getting there on time, getting terrible seats and freezing anyway.

It is rumored that Mr. Hennessy's sopho-

more class prefers putting their gum in the basket by the installment plan. Y'know, a little now and a little when he catches you again.

French correspondents were given out in French class. Remember, students, it isn't a matrimonial bureau.

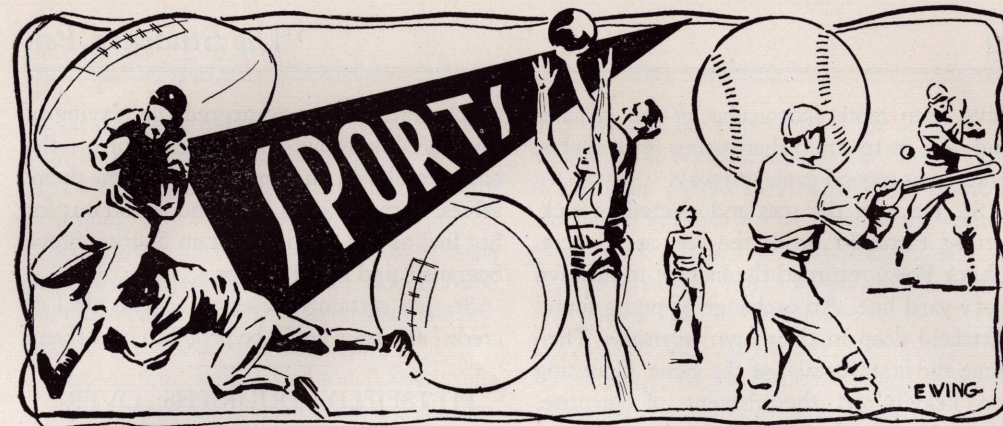
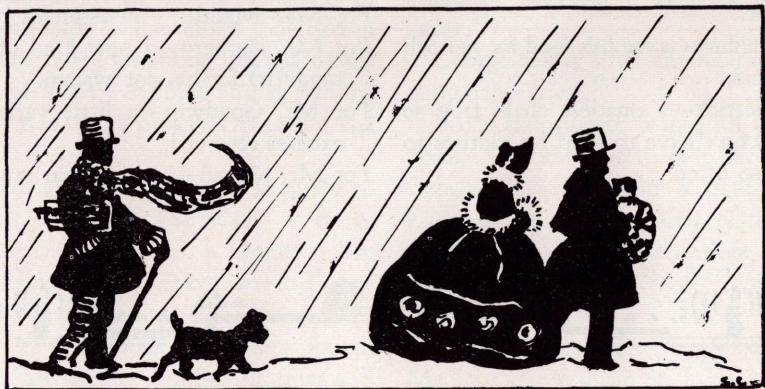
We just can't let Mr. Hennessy out of this column without saying something more about him. It seems he is having trouble with the mother of one of his biology students, a junior at that. They have even gone so far in their arguments as to threaten to throw each other in snow banks. Now students!! Isn't that childish?

Maybe they'll learn! One class had to write tables for being naughty. Somehow the kids just can't keep quiet with Mr. Bence around. He's that fascinating.

Miss Prediger was leading a discussion in history class. She saw a hand in the back of the room, and asked O'Hearn if he had raised his hand. Whereupon he replied, "No, I was just scratching."

O'Hearn is one of the class wits (?) Just the other day he wanted to know how two senators can be divided into three parts.

These Sophomores! They haven't learned yet that you simply can't outwit the faculty. One bright young thing thought he'd have a recess, so he left the classroom one day at 2 o'clock for a tuberculin test reading. Unfortunately, the doctor had left at noon.



COLD TURKEY

By Bernard A. Williams

Playing under conditions that the Boston Bruins might have envied, Pittsfield managed to eke out a victory over St. Joe on Thanksgiving Day by 6 to 0 to claim the city championship.

Early in the second period Pittsfield started from the St. Joe's twenty-five and by means of forward passes finally crossed the goal line. Steve Helstowski was the one who went over after catching one of Joe Renzi's passes.

The cheering did not seem to be so good as it was at the Drury game, but perhaps that might have been because everyone's lips were cold and it was hard to talk plainly. The band was good, however, and St. Joe's drummer sure "went to town". Some of the CCC boys dug up some old Pittsfield cheers and had a good time yelling them at some young St. Joe rooters.

The cold did not seem to keep away any football fans as seven thousand were present. With so many feet stamping to keep warm, the ground almost shook.

It's a good thing Thanksgiving fell on the 24th, for if it had been the following day there probably would have been no game. As it was, before the game started, there were little coasters cluttering up the field. Perhaps if some of the players could have used the sleds they might have made more progress.

That wasn't a green jerseyed Mohammedan you saw on the field; that was Johnny Farr, who was covering Wincek's punt.

After seeing the way Francis Zofrea played, we were sorry that he couldn't have been in more games this season. He tackled hard and was alert to drop on a loose ball.

Pittsfield rooters enjoyed a laugh—well, a smirk, anyway—when St. Joe's spread play backfired and a bad pass from center gave Pittsfield the ball on their own forty-six.

When Sparks and Helstowski bumped heads even the fans could see stars and Steve looked "different" for the remainder of the game.

To name the outstanding stars for Pittsfield would be to name the entire team, for all played a fine game. Captain Ralph Renzi is to be given credit for leading his team through such a tough schedule with such good results. Ralph was given another honor when he was named Captain of All-Western Massachusetts team. He was the only Pittsfield man on the first team, but several others got special mention.

In the last quarter Pittsfield was on what seemed to be the way to another touchdown when the final whistle sounded, but anyway they won. They lead in this series twelve to four with three ties to hold the championship for another year.

PITTSFIELD HUMBLER ST. JOE

By Bruce Hainsworth

On Thanksgiving Day Pittsfield defeated its arch-rival, St. Joe, on the Common, 6-0. In this manner, and in this manner alone, could the Purple Elephants avenge last year's disgraceful tie. Perhaps the contest would

have been more spectacular if the coaches had seen fit to equip their teams with skates, but it was a good game anyway.

St. Joe won the toss and elected to kick, letting Pittsfield break the ice, as it were. Chuck Foley returned the kick-off to his own forty-yard line. An exchange of punts found Pittsfield deep in their own territory. Then came the first "break" of the game. Counting too heavily on the element of surprise, Pittsfield passed. Koscher intercepted and fought his way to Pittsfield's twenty-four-yard line, the nearest the Saints got to the Pittsfield goal all day. Pittsfield's men dug in, however, and, after sustaining a six-yard loss, St. Joe decided to try their "spread play" a play wherein the line from end to end is greatly elongated to give the pass defenders severe headaches. Captain Renzi broke through, however, and effectively ended this, St. Joe's most dangerous threat.

Joe (not a Saint) Renzi opened the second quarter by rifling a short pass to Strizzi. Three plays later Pittsfield tried their version of the "spread play." This one worked, for Steve Helstowski snared the Renzi pass in the end zone. Renzi tossed another pass for the extra point, but it was incomplete. The Pittsfield stands groaned, but a lead of six points is nothing to be sneezed at in a St. Joe game.

The third quarter was a see-saw affair; the ball changed hands repeatedly, but neither team reached the other's thirty-yard line.

The last quarter was another thing, however. St. Joe tried a short pass with moderate success, and then Wincek followed up with a punt that sailed far over the safety's head, by far the longest punt of the day. Farr, creeping on hands and knees, sheltered the rolling ball until it stopped on the Pittsfield seven-yard line. As the game drew to a close, Capt. Renzi intercepted an ill-aimed pass near midfield. Joe Renzi then passed to Strizzi for a twenty-eight yard gain, to Grady for twelve yards, and to Litano for seven. Two unsuccessful passes ended the game.

The Pittsfield line featured the playing of Capt. Ralph Renzi and Francis Zofrea; the entire backfield showered glory upon themselves. Farr, St. Joe's little end, stood out for St. Joe, as did Acting-captain Sparks, Steve Speranzo, and Bob Koscher.

St. Joe certainly deserves a great deal of credit; any team could be proud to beat them.

PITTSFIELD TRIUMPHS OVER STOCKBRIDGE 13-7

By Bruce Hainsworth

On November 12 a powerful Pittsfield eleven trounced a determined Stockbridge team on the Common. From the opening kick-off to the final whistle every minute was hard-fought, and frequently spectacular runs brought the frenzied crowd to its feet.

Jack Grady, the spark-plug of the Pittsfield team, took the initial kick-off on his own fifteen-yard line and ran across the field toward his own cheering section. Expecting him to reverse his field, the farmers from Stockbridge were completely baffled when he plunged instead into the maze of players. When he emerged, unscathed, only two Stockbridge players remained between him and the goal. These were mowed down with apparent ease by the omnipresent Capt. Renzi, and Grady trotted unchallenged fifty yards for a touchdown. Massimiano's place-kick for the extra point was perfect.

Perhaps as a result of this heavy blow to their morale, the offense of the Stockbridge outfit lagged for the remainder of the first half. Only once, when their center dropped on a fumbled ball deep in Pittsfield territory, did they threaten to score. The Pittsfield line rose to the occasion, however, and the agriculturists lost the ball on downs.

A much improved Stockbridge team appeared at the half, and it seemed that their powerful line plunges would spell disaster for Pittsfield. Indeed, Korsakowski intercepted a pass on his own fifteen-yard line and lateraled to Sullivan, who brought the crowd to its feet when he evaded two would-

be tacklers and raced for a "touchdown," only to learn that a clipping penalty placed the oval, instead, on the Stockbridge eleven-yard line.

Soon after, a Renzi-Strizzi pass set the stage for Pittsfield's second touchdown. Joe Renzi counted on a "quarter-back sneak". Massimiano's kick was hurried.

The visitors' well-earned touchdown came in the last quarter, climaxing a drive of sixty-five yards. Corfield finally made the touchdown after paving the way with two beautiful passes. Bardwell, on a fake kick, knifed the line for the extra point.

Jack Grady was the Pittsfield team's outstanding star, while the Renzi boys (of course) turned in their usual fine performances. Korsakowski and Corfield gave a good account of themselves for the losers.

Three of the visitors were "laid out". For a while it looked as if the farmers might have to break training rules to buy a few biers

(This magazine is not responsible for Puns found in its articles.)

BASKETBALL AT P. H. S.

By Bernard A. Williams

When the basketball season opens on December 16, P. H. S. will have an entire squad of men who have played in few "big" games. All of the fellows who were on last year's Jayvees are vying for places on this year's varsity. Every regular from last year's squad was lost by graduation and with the possible exception of Moynihan the quintet is composed of inexperienced men. We have some good material from last year's Jayvees, however, in Walt Skowronski, Billy Ford, Mike Cancilla, Vince Monteleone, Sam Russo, Albert Carletti, and Pete Ochiano. There is no captain as yet for there were not enough present to elect one at a meeting held last spring.

The season opens with Adams, always a tough team, and whether or not the game will

be played at home remains to be seen. It is scheduled as one, but due to the Senior Play it might be played in Adams. The chances are that if it is played in Adams, the return game on Feb. 17 will be played at home.

The schedule, not an easy one, follows:

Dec. 16	Adams
Dec. 23	At Dalton
Jan. 6	At Williamstown
Jan. 11	St. Joe (N. A.)
Jan. 13	At Bennington
Jan. 20	At Drury
Jan. 27	At St. Joe (N. A.)
Feb. 3	Williamstown
Feb. 7	At Lee
Feb. 10	Drury
Feb. 17	At Adams
Feb. 21	Bennington
Feb. 24	Dalton

The games with St. Joe (our own St. Joe) will be played on March 3 and sometime in January. They promise to be humdingers, so don't miss them.

HOCKEY

By Bruce Hainsworth

On November 29 Coach Carmody called a meeting of all prospective members of the hockey team. Thirty-seven boys, including probably the best material in the school, turned out.

For the present it seems that the boys will have to work, for no funds are available for building a rink, although the Coach has arranged to borrow the hockey sideboards used in past years on the Common. With this material the boys hope to build a serviceable rink on the athletic field behind the school, maintaining it themselves, of course.

Hockey—fast, strenuous, exciting—seems assured a permanent place on the sports calendar of our school when thirty-seven boys, not content merely to play and practise the game, are willing to pledge themselves to build and maintain a rink, with all the work that that entails.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Shelah O'Connell, Editor

ATHLETIC AWARDS

By Shelah O'Connell

In the mad rush of trying to get settled, we completely forgot that some of the students might be envious of the Girls' Sports letters running around the building and a bit doubtful as to how they are won. So for the benefit of the sophomores who are still at sea and for those upperclassmen who have forgotten, here are the requirements in a nutshell.

There are five ways in which a set of numerals may be won, namely: (1) by acquiring 150 points; (2) by playing at least one tournament game while a member of a class team; (3) by being runner-up in the bowling tournament; (4) by taking second or third place in the track meet; (5) by taking second or third place in the archery tournament.

The letter is more difficult to obtain. For this either four sets of numerals or the winning of any tournament is necessary.

Most difficult of all to win is the purple and white monogram which is awarded to exceptional athletes. Earn four letters and the monogram is yours.

It is amazing how quickly just a few little points can multiply into the required number. For being a squad leader there is a reward of 25 points. Neatness, good posture, and good attendance at classes bring 20 points. Going out for after school activities gives her 5 or 10 points and if she is lucky enough to make the hockey squad she will receive 25 points, not to mention the number that can be piled up by substituting for another player.

Awards are presented to squad leaders who have been chosen from the gym classes at the beginning of the semester. If the leaders attitude is not what it should be, the emblem must be returned.

Isn't it simple? Now, how about going out for sports and just see if that coveted letter doesn't look as well on your sweater as it does on the girl next door.

SWIMMING

By Bertha Thomson and Constance Vreeland

At the first meeting of the Pittsfield High swimmers held on November 18, the team captains were elected and practice for the first meet, which will be held December 22, was scheduled to start immediately.

The captains are: Senior Team, Corine Duval; Junior Team, Margaret Ward; Sophomore Team, Rose Reed.

After practice gets well under way the varsity team will be chosen by Mrs. I. Lambert Keegan, the coach.

The following girls have registered so far: Seniors—Captain Duval, Priscilla Gaylord, Dorothy Douglas, Mary Devanney, Anne Devanney, Jean Fox, Loraine Dakin, Lucile Coty, and Mary Roberts; Juniors—Captain Ward, Ruth Guttormsen, Helen Organ, Virginia Retallick, Lillian Blair, Barbara Gaylord, Ruth Raymon, Betty Wade, Moria Sheehan, and Marjorie Sayles; Sophomores—Captain Reed, Bertha Thomson, Evelyn Denno, Marjorie Salo, Mary Samale, Geraldine Sheenon, and Agnes Cullen. A fair sized number but surely there are more who would swim if they weren't so bashful (?). Come on! How about a little more interest in school activities.

VOLLEY BALL

Last month the Juniors continued their winning streak by defeating the Seniors and Sophomores in the Volley Ball Tournament, for which they will receive their letters. The other teams find consolation in the fact that they will receive their numerals.

Members of the winning team were: Jennie Karpeck, Lillian Belair, Margaret Ward, Marjorie Bowlby, Virginia Retallick, Alta Miller, Thelma Alexander, and Anna Buska.

FACULTY HOBBIES

The diverse hobbies of the faculty of goody old P. H. S. are both amusing and entertaining. Take for instance Mr. Geary—It has been said that he once bowled, but whether good, bad or indifferent we do not know. Mr. Kriger, one of our noteworthy book-keeping teachers, also tries it, and he says he is indifferent.

Mr. Hennessy, the well known "scalper" of sophomore biology classes, says that his

hobby is teaching poor, unsophisticated sophomores. Hop on him for that crack, Sophomores!!

Our director of the forthcoming faculty play, Mr. Joyce, enjoys acting in plays, listening to the radio, composing songs, playing a piano and saxophone. We are wary about the saxophone, and we would really enjoy hearing him practice one of these fine days.

How about it?????Huh? Students!!!

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	Page		Page
American Conservatory of Music	31	Marcel Academy	36
Aubry's Bake Shop	30	McCarty's	2
Bardwell-Fuller, Inc.	34	Meehan Funeral Home	32
Berkshire Business College	32	Mike's Army & Navy	33
Berk. County Savings Bank	Back Cover	Mill Fabric Shop	36
Berkshire Evening Eagle	29	Morningside Bakery	32
Berkshire Mutual Fire Ins Co.	26	Moser's Beauty Salon	35
Berkshire Office Supply Co.	30	Palace Cut Rate	35
Besse-Clarke	31	Pittsfield Electric Co.	27
Brady Cleaners	36	Pittsfield Laundry	32
Butler Stores	36	Pittsfield Milk Exchange	26
Chandler Shoe Store	31	Pittsfield School of Stenography	30
City Press	35	Pollard, R. A.	32
Cooper Coal Co.	36	Rath Packing Co.	29
Curtis, E. J. Inc.	33	Reynolds & Barnes	30
Damon Pharmacy	1	Rhinehart Farms	35
Drennan Funeral Home	36	Rice & Kelly	36
Eagle Printing & Binding Co.	27	Rosa Restaurant	35
Elizabeth's Beauty Shop	30	Shandoff, W. H.	28
Fairfield Funeral Home	28	Shapiro Motors	35
Flower Shop	33	Shapiro Studio	34
Follwell's	32	Stetson Dry Cleaners	35
Foote, H. A.	32	Stevens Beauty Salon	29
Gibbs Funeral Service	35	Sugar Bowl	2
Guarantee Tire Service	34	Tyler Theatre	29
Hector, H. T.	28	Unkamet Farm	31
Home-made Ice Cream Parlor	28	Wellington Funeral Home	33
Hub, The	34	Wendell Barber Shop	33
Kahl, J. F. Co.	28	Wendell Pharmacy	30
Karmelkorn Shop	34	Whitaker's	31
Kaufman Bros.	32	White Star Confectionery Co.	29
Kulda's	31	Wilkinson	26
Longtreeth, C.	31	Wood Bros.	29
Maplewood Shoe Repair	34		

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